

BERTHE CLAICHE PROVES MORTON'S CONFESSION TRUE

Girl Who Shot Her Master to Death Tells How She and Other Women of the Tenderloin Paid "Dirty Money" to the Police.

Since the days of the Lexow Committee there has been no such startling expose of the blackmail system practiced by police officers in the Tenderloin as was embodied in the confession of former Policeman Harry Morton, which appeared exclusively in The Evening World yesterday.

For the first time since the new and improved methods of collecting blood-money came into existence the story was told from the inside—told by a man who had lately been a daily and almost hourly witness of grafting as carried on by plain-clothes men and members of the iniquitous Vice Squad, now happily no more, forever and ever, amen. It was a story that has set all New York to talking.

And now for the vital parts of Harry Morton's story, the parts which corrupt policemen are most apt to denounce as impossible, there is substantiating evidence. In a sworn statement made in the District Attorney's office Berthe Claiche, the French girl prisoner lately in the Tombs, repeated in almost the same words what Morton had told to a reporter for The Evening World about the organization for the collection of "dirty money" from the fallen women of the Tenderloin at the regular tariff of \$5 a week, the nefarious business being parcelled off by allotment among the men in the combine. Here is what Berthe Claiche, after six years of life in the heart of the Tenderloin, has to say:

Berthe Claiche's Story.

"It was the rule that each of us girls in the Tenderloin had to pay the policemen for protection. It is true, I think, that some of the girls paid \$5 a week to the detectives for protection. I was one who had to pay more than that. It was the rule for some of us to pay four policemen \$2 each every week to save us from arrest and allow us to pick up men on the street. Even then we were not absolutely safe from arrest.

"About once a month, although we kept on paying money all the time, they used to arrest us, so that the police could get the credit for bringing in women who were well known in the Tenderloin. Either we were turned loose in court through the policeman's help or else the fine was light, and when we had settled with the professional bondsmen who got us out of the station-house we were free for another month. Unless the policeman arrested us every now and then he would get called down at the station-house. Several months ago, right after I pleaded guilty to killing Emil Gendron, I talked with Mr. Ely, Mr. Jerome's assistant District Attorney, and gave him the names of four policemen to whom I gave \$2 a piece every week, but there were several other detectives in the Tenderloin precinct whose names I do not know who also got money from us. They would meet me on the street and say, 'I know you and I know what you are doing. You will have to pay up or go before the boss.' Then I would have to pay up or go to lockup. I guess there were about seventy-five or one hundred girls that had to pay up every week. I believe I knew fully fifty of them by name.

"Those policemen did not care what the color of the money was, and they did not care how we got it, whether we got it honestly or whether we stole it from drunken men—all they wanted was the money, and they never asked any questions about how we came to have it. Some of these policemen were friends of Gendron, the man I shot. They would meet him in the saloons and they would drink with him and he would lend them money. They never paid him back.

Men Had to Pay, Too.

"All the men in the Tenderloin who kept girls had to pay the police. They collected from all of us, the men and the women, too. Some of the policemen would come up to a girl and tell her she was under arrest if he knew she had money on her. Then he would take her around the corner and let her go, provided she paid.

"Often Gendron would beat me because I brought in only \$5 or \$8 a night instead of \$10, and when I begged him for mercy he would say:

"Don't I have to give all my money to the police? They rob me and keep me poor all the time?" "So when I met men on the street I would beg them for money—ten cents or a quarter—for 'lucky money.' I would hide this money from Gendron so that I would have enough to pay the police every week. Sometimes Gendron would find the lucky money and take it from me, and then I would be in trouble with the policeman and they would lock me up."

Sunday Outings!



Are you especially fond of mixing up in a surging, pushing, struggling crowd of humanity when Sunday comes round and a trip to the seashore is in order? Wouldn't it be better to own a yacht, catboat, launch or canoe of your own in which you can take your "friend" or friends for a merry journey over the dancing waves?

Sunday World "Boats and Yachts" Ads-to-morrow will show all manner of BOAT BARGAINS!

Trouble with the policeman and they would lock me up."

Immediately after her conviction for manslaughter, Berthe Claiche made a complete confession of all she knew of police graft in the Nineteenth Precinct to Assistant District Attorney Ely. In that confession she called over a list of half a dozen policemen whom she charged with having blackmailed her.

The Claiche girl named nearly all the policemen who had figured as witnesses in her trial—Blaffer, Brucek, Lennon, Martineau and Morton. She insisted, however, that neither Morton nor Martineau had ever received a penny from her during the six years she lived in the Tenderloin, and she said she never heard of any girl giving money to either of these two detectives. This is taken now as a partial confirmation at least of Morton's statement that he took no "dirty money" from the women of the Tenderloin.

Berthe Claiche's own exculpation of Martineau and Morton is a contributory evidence to the truth of her story and of Morton's story, because Martineau was one of the strongest witnesses against her at her trial for murder. He was also a strong witness against Morton at his trial for perjury, and if the girl had been a reporter would have every reason for including Martineau among those whom she said were guilty of taking blackmail.

Chief Inspector William McLaughlin is a veteran policeman. He has served in the department for nearly thirty years. To-day when a reporter interviewed him on the Morton confession the inspector said:

"I am not ready to accept Morton's story. I do not believe such a combine as he describes could last much longer than it took to form it. The whole thing would go to pieces. In my judgment, I am positive that no such condition as he describes exists to-day in the Nineteenth Precinct or any other precinct of Greater New York. Of course there is bound to be sporadic grafting—that is inevitable in any big city—but grafting cannot exist in New York on the scale which Morton told about."

"It's just as The Evening World said in its article—there are honest policemen and there are dishonest policemen, just as there are honest bookkeepers and dishonest bookkeepers. I am not a man and dishonest men in every walk of life. I agree with The Evening World that the whole force should not be branded as a grafting machine because some of its members cannot stay straight."

"The average policeman is like the average man, for if you take his uniform off he is the average man. Of course, temptations which do not come to the average man are often thrown in a policeman's way, but the great majority of the policemen of New York resist these temptations and stay honest."

"Let Vice Squad Rest." "Morton says that the percentage of corrupted men in the Vice Squad was greater than in the station houses," said the reporter.

"The Vice Squad is dead—let it rest," replied Inspector McLaughlin drily. "Aside from the other hard things which might be said about the Vice Squad, it was certainly a great mistake to put a lot of very young policemen, some of them little more than boys, in it and turn them loose in the Tenderloin. I have been told that nearly all of them became involved with women, and that many of them are diseased and disabled through the life they led."

Former Police Commissioner William McAdoo, the founder, patron and apologist of the Vice Squad, would not discuss what Morton, formerly one of his star performers, has had to say about the Vice Squad since his conversion to religion. A reporter found him at his law office on Broadway.

"I will not talk to The Evening World," he said when the first question was put. "It has not created much confidence in his ability and probity." "Have you still that confidence in Sgt. Ezzers?"

"I have nothing to say. You will find what I think of the Vice Squad in my book. You will find my book on sale anywhere—at any book store. Good day, sir."

THE PINK EDITION OF THE EVENING WORLD CONTAINS ALL SPORTING NEWS OF THE DAY.

MCLELLAN SAILED FOR EUROPE TO-DAY. BY MAURICE KETTEN.



BRIDEGROOM'S OWN STORY OF WEDDING

Writes How the New Squire Tied the Knot and "Bug" Produced Fiddle.

(Special to The Evening World.)
PORT JERVIS, N. Y., June 23.—From Little Pond, Sullivan County, comes the story of a wedding at that place Thursday, which the bridegroom writes up as follows:

"At the residence of David Christian, near Little Pond, there was something doing. At 7:30 P. M. Archibald W. Dickinson, Justice of the Peace, finished doing his chores and put on a boiled shirt and stand-up collar to tie a knot up Little Pond Haller. The bridegroom was Willie Weist, a young widower of Nevada, and the bride was Nellie Palmatier, of Marquetteville. This was the squire's first wedding, but he did it

GRATEFUL WOMAN PRAYS FOR COURT

Magistrate Raises Money for Her and Children Dispossessed From Home.

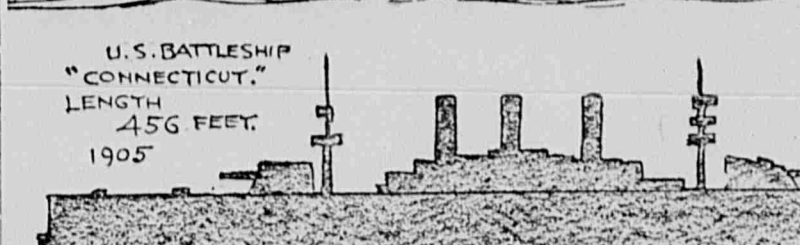
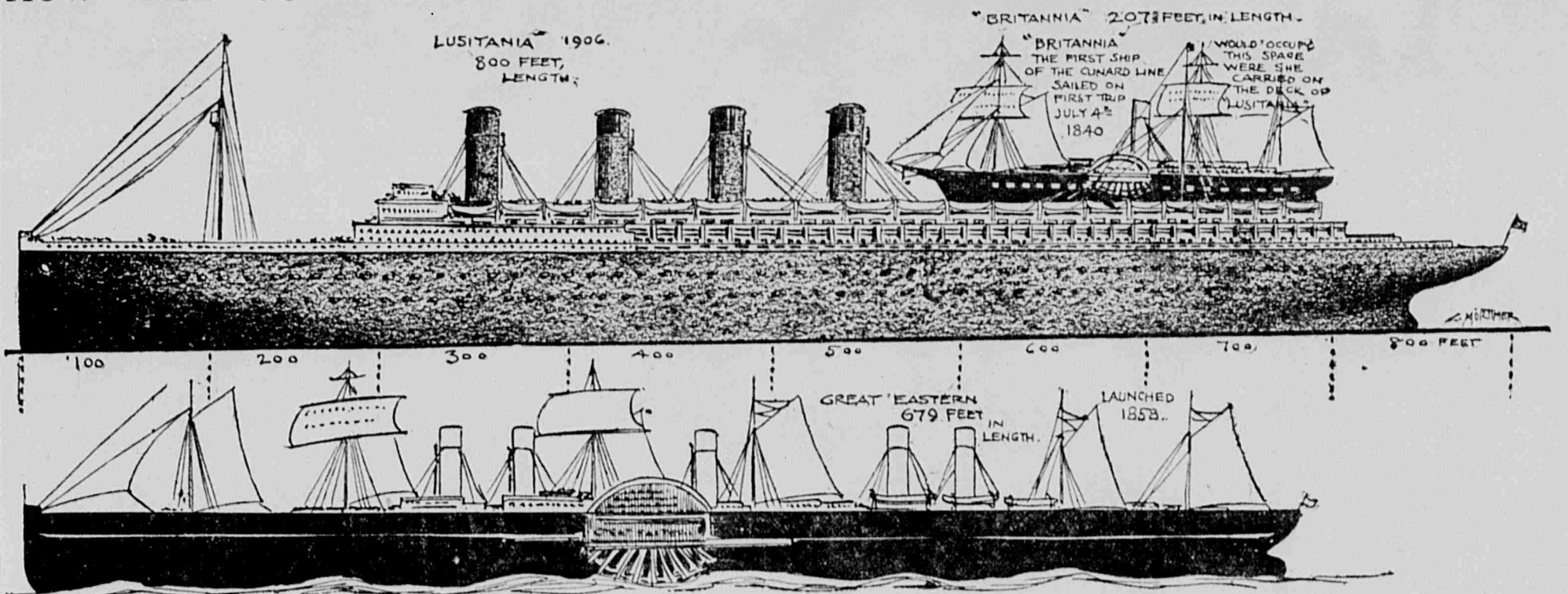
Mrs. Caroline Gray, a woman of middle age and refinement, dropped on her knees before the bench where sat Magistrate James F. Erwin, in Jersey City, and, with her hands clasped, her head bowed, prayed fervently to the Almighty for everlasting success and happiness for the Court, the clerks of the court, lawyers and spectators. Rising from her knees the woman then lifted her three pretty little girls, ranging in age from two to seven years, to the Magistrate's desk, where they were kissed by Magistrate Erwin and his clerks.

Magistrate Erwin was deeply affected by the action of the happy mother, as was everybody else in the court-room, and it was several minutes before he recovered his judicial mien.

CHILD KILLED BY FALL.

Little Jennie Goldman was playing to-day on the fire-escape on the third floor of the tenement at No. 151 Lewis street, inside the flat her mother was cooking lunch. The three-year-old slipped and fell through the opening. The crowd in the street—there's always a crowd in an odd side street—saw the little form tumble down to the pavement. When the delicatest man on the ground floor picked Jennie up she was dead, her skull crushed in.

HOW THE CUNARDER LUSITANIA COMPARES WITH OTHER STEAMSHIPS.



With the recent launching of the great turbine Cunarder Lusitania one step further is taken toward the ideal of four days from Sandy Hook to Queenstown. The new Cunarder is one of a pair that are calculated to restore to British shipping "the blue ribbon of the Atlantic" and regain once more the fastest record, which at present is held by the Kaiser Wilhelm II. of the North German Lloyd. If the Lusitania and her consort, which is in course of construction, make their contract speed of 25 knots they can reel off the transatlantic trip in four and one-half days. The Kaiser Wilhelm has a speed of 23.5 knots, and the Cunard company have labored to turn out a turbine that will beat this. As matters are, the British builders are confident that the Lusitania will show herself good for 26 knots in fairly decent weather.

The Lusitania was built by John Brown & Co. at Clydebank, and is easily the largest ship afloat. Her gross tonnage is 32,500, her length 786 feet, breadth 88 feet and draught 33 feet. She is 15 feet longer than the Kaiser Wilhelm, and her speed at the required twenty-five knots will take her through the water two miles an hour faster than the big German liner.

The horse-power of the Lusitania is 30,000, and to get all there is out of her engines she will consume 1,000 tons of coal a day. She has nine decks with passenger and freight elevators, and telephone connections with a central switchboard. All this will be needed when she gets into the great ferryage service, for her population will be that of a good-sized town. She has accommodations for 500 first-class passengers, 500 second and 1,000 third-class, with a crew of 800. The Lusitania has an à la carte restaurant like the newest German liners, and this is another proof of the prediction that soon the false d'hot will be passed up on all first-class ships.

MAYOR, TALKING POLITICS, SAILS FOR HIS VACATION

Before Departing for Europe He Says the Democrats, with a Clean Man, Should Win State Campaign.

Mayor McClellan and Mrs. McClellan sailed for Europe to-day on the American liner New York. Patrick F. McGowan, President of the Board of Aldermen, who will act as Mayor during the absence of the Mayor, was tardy in reaching the pier. The New York had poked her nose down the river and Mayor McClellan was lost in the crowd at the rail when Mr. McGowan, excited and perspiring, arrived to say farewell to his chief. He waved his hand with the rest from the end of the dock.

There were no heads of city departments and no Tammany leaders at the pier to say good by to Mayor McClellan. It is understood that he requested that his appointees and political friends should refrain from making any display at the time of his departure.

But there was one display he could not stop. That was a display of flowers. They reached the pier by the cart load. If the Mayor and his wife had kept them all they would have filled the two McClellan staterooms on the promenade deck. Some of the set pieces and bunches of cut flowers were reserved for the trip. The rest were sent to the Training School for Nurses.

Was in Jovial Mood.

Mayor McClellan reached the pier an hour before sailing time. He was met there by his secretaries and some of his close personal friends. When all arrangements for the voyage were completed the Mayor abandoned himself to the pleasure of anticipation like a school boy. He posed for his photograph several times, joked with the reporters and generally enjoyed himself.

Just before sailing Mayor McClellan gave out the following prepared interview:

"I am going away as satisfied as I could wish to be with the work of the last six months. Every department of the city government has, I believe, done its best to serve the city well and economically. Improvement is always possible, of course, and improvement will continue every day, for Mr. McGowan, city manager as I am of New York's welfare. With him in the chair, I shall not worry about the course of civic events during my absence. He is familiar with my every policy, and will have the hearty co-operation of every department head."

Wants Clean Politics.

The Mayor was asked what he had to say about the political situation. He replied:

"I expect on my return from Europe to see the Democracy of this State nominate a ticket and proclaim a platform worthy of the best traditions of the party. It is already certain that the city of New York will send to the State Convention a delegation which will support an honest man for Governor, and give him honest issues to fight for. We have never won in State or in national elections when we have not been honest and honest in our promises and in our conduct."

"The issues which brought us success in the past are well defined. By measuring up to them now we shall have the battle half-fought, and should we lose we shall have nothing for which to apologize. The city of New York is and should be a leader in Democratic thought and policy. As a Democrat, always loyal to my party and sensible of

the obligation I owe to the organization in this city, I take pride in its fittingly represented in the convention and that its voice will be heard for the preservation of our principles and our party cleanliness."

He then declared that he would pay the \$30 himself and allow Mrs. Gray to remain in the house until she had found other quarters.

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MAYOR MCLELLAN IN HIS DEEP SEA SAILING TOGGERY.



Picture taken on the American liner New York by an Evening World staff photographer just before the Mayor sailed for his long vacation in Europe.

HAD HIS WALLET OUT AND READY

But an Officer Saved the Man from Coconut Grove on the New York.

A persuasive young man, giving the name of Ralph Matland, was arrested on the American liner New York at the American Line pier to-day just as the boat was about to sail, for attempting to swindle one of the passengers. The youth was attired up to the minute, the band on his hat was sensational in the extreme, and his hands were encased in immaculate white chamolite skin gloves.

Detective-Sgt. Leeson has noticed recently that this elaborately attired young man has been busy about the piers of steamships about to sail. Leeson followed him to-day.

Matland looked over the passengers on deck and with unerring instinct picked out A. Vigand, of Coconut Grove, Dale County, Fla., and looking the part, Mr. Vigand was a little bewildered by the rapid fire conversation and dazling appearance of young Mr. Matland. In a few minutes he put his hand into his inside vest pocket, and when he drew it out it contained a large red wallet, securely tied about with a piece of rope.

Leeson scattered closer. He heard Matland exclaim that he needed \$25 to get his luggage aboard and did not have the money, but a check. He would draw it the check for security and later on, "when the excitement was over," the purser would cash the check and Mr. Matland would hand Mr. Vigand his \$25.

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BABY IS KILLED IN RUNAWAY ACCIDENT

Skull Is Fractured by Being Thrown from Wagon with Its Parents.

Frank Stevens, a milkman, of Secaucus, N. J., was driving across the Bergen bridge over the Lackawanna Railroad tracks last night when his horse took fright at a passing train and ran away.

In its flight the horse dashed the wagon against a telegraph pole, and Stevens, his wife and her two-month-old baby were thrown out.

slight injuries, but the baby sustained a fracture of the skull and died in the City Hospital early to-day.

RACE SUICIDE TALK TO FAIR GRADUATES.

Race suicide was touched upon by Superintendent of Schools William E. Chancellor, of Paterson, when he made an address and presented diplomas to the graduates at their commencement exercises at the high school at Ridgewood, N. J., last night. The superintendent's remarks caused much comment.

Mr. Chancellor spoke of the fact that Ridgewood had a remarkably small number of school children in proportion to its population. He referred to the fine audience and intimated that the people of Ridgewood were following in the footsteps of well-to-do people and that the result was a situation that had been deplored by President Roosevelt when he condemned "race suicide."

Helps over the hill.
Got lots of
BRAIN WORK?
Use
Grape-Nuts
"THERE'S A REASON."